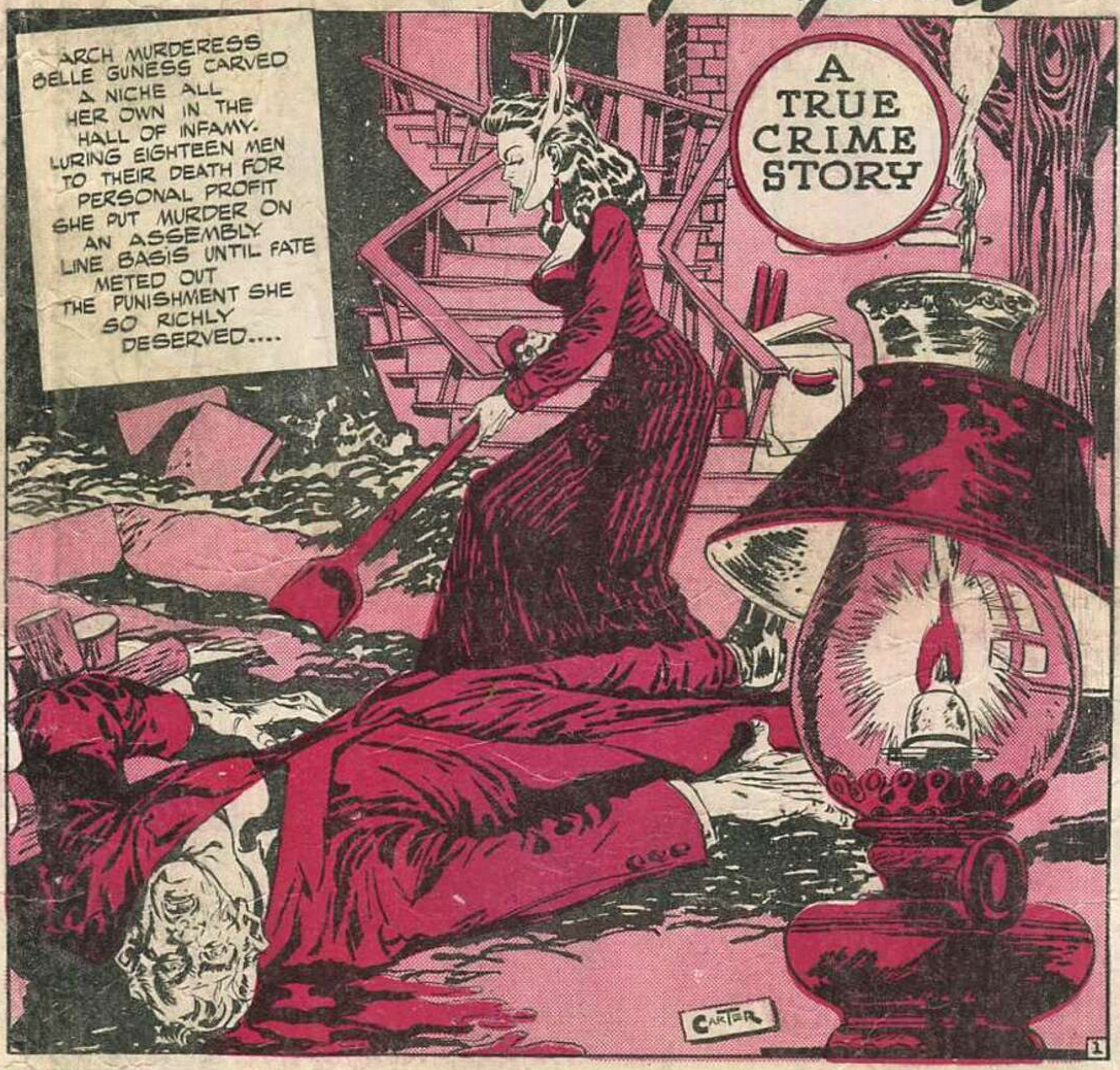
SISTERS OF SATAN

Madam Satan's Minions – Female Killers of the Golden Age

BELLE GUNESS

The Monster of Laporte


ARCH MURDERESS BELLE GUNESS CARVED A NICHE ALL HER OWN IN THE HALL OF INFAMY. LURING EIGHTEEN MEN TO THEIR DEATH FOR PERSONAL PROFIT SHE PUT MURDER ON AN ASSEMBLY LINE BASIS UNTIL FATE METED OUT THE PUNISHMENT SHE SO RICHLY DESERVED....
A TRUE CRIME STORY
CARTER
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'CRIMES BY WOMEN', August, 1948, No 2. Published bi-monthly by Fox Feature Syndicate, Inc., 221 Conyngham Ave., Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Executive offices at 60 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y Application for entry as second class matter pending. Price 10¢ per copy. Yearly subscriptions, in the United States and its possessions, Mexico, South America, Spain, 75¢ — including postage. $1.50 elsewhere.
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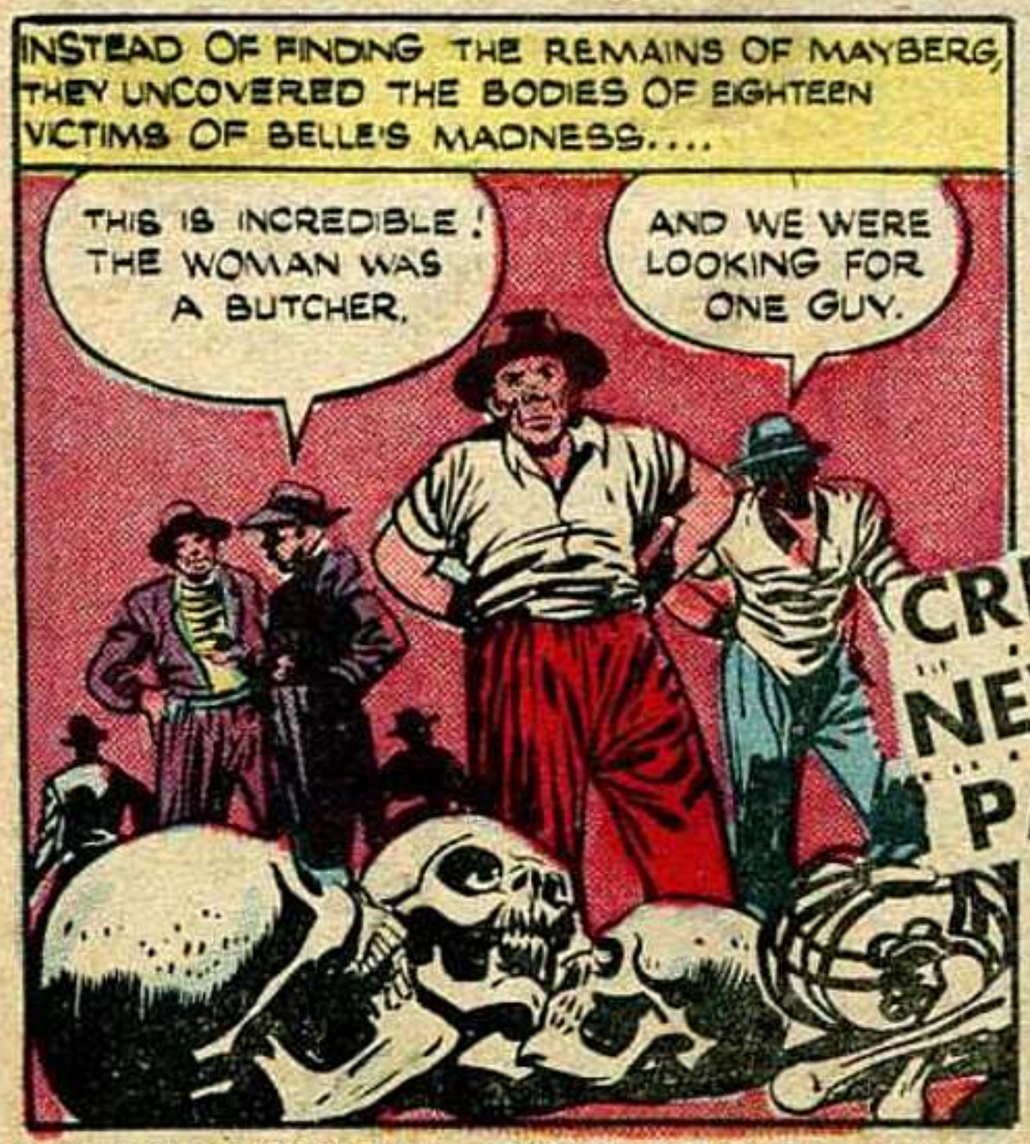
'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

BEFORE THE SHERIFF COULD BREAK, DRIED UP OLD FARMHOUSE IS A ROARING INFERNO...
THEY'LL BE NOTHING LEFT ALIVE IN THAT PLACE.
YOU SAID IT. THERE WON'T BE ANYTHING. LEFT.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER....
ALL RIGHT, MEN. I WANT YOU TO DIG THROUGH THE RUINS REPORT ANY TRACES OF A MAN'S BODY OR THE WOMEN'S YOU MAY FIND.


INSTEAD OF FINDING THE REMAINS OF MAYBERG, THEY UNCOVERED THE BODIES OF EIGHTEEN VICTIMS OF BELLE'S MADNESS....
THIS IS INCREDIBLE! THE WOMAN WAS A BUTCHER.
AND WE WERE LOOKING FOR ONE GUY.

THIS IS PROBABY ONE OF THE WORST CRIMES IN HISTORY.
EIGHTEEN KILLINGS! I'M ONLY SORRY THAT MONSTER WOMAN COULDN'T HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO TRIAL
BELLE ESCAPED PUNISHMENT BY THE LAW, BUT FATE IN HER OWN MANNER MADE SURE THAT SHE PAID HER PENALTY IN FULL...

CRIME NEVER PAYS!

NEXT ISSUE–CRIMES by WOMEN–ON SALE 2ND WEEK OF AUG.

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

THE SORENSON HOUSE IN THE CHICAGO SUBURBS.....

YOU WORM! MUST YOU ALWAYS SIT THERE READING THAT PAPER! CAN'T YOU EVER TAKE ME OUT FOR A GOOD TIME ONCE IN A WHILE?

BUT BELLE I WAS ONLY RELAXING FOR A FEW MINUTES.

THAT'S ALL YOU EVER DO. NOW GET OUT OF THAT CHAIR AND RUN DOWN TO THE CLEANERS FOR MY DRESS. THEY SAID IT WOULD BE READY TODAY.

YES, DEAR. I'M GOING. ANYTHING TO KEEP THAT MOUTH SHUT!

IT'S ABOUT TIME I GOT RID OF THAT MISERABLE EXCUSE FOR A MAN AND NOW'S THE TIME TO DO IT.

TWENTY MINUTES LATER AS SORENSON RETURNS FROM HIS ERRAND....

HERE HE COMES NOW. THE MOUSE, I'LL PROBABLY RUIN MY NEW DRESS, BUT IT'S WORTH IT.

GOODBY FOREVER, YOU LIZARD!... BELLE. YOU ARE ABOUT TO BECOME A FREE WOMAN.

I'D BETTER GET DOWN AND MAKE SURE HE'S DEAD.

EEEYAH!

I'D BETTER CALL THE INSURANCE COMPANY. MMM? MAYBE I'D BETTER CALL A DOCTOR FIRST. IT WILL LOOK BETTER.

WITH HER INSURANCE MONEY SHE MOVED TO LAPORTE, INDIANA WHERE SHE MARRIED PETER GUNESS. IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE SHE FOUND SHE HAD MADE A BAD BARGAIN...

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GET WORK, YOU DRUNKEN LOAFER

WHY DON'T YOU DO IT?

JEAN TORSON
SATAN'S DAUGHTER

COLD, RUTHLESS, AND TRIGGER-HAPPY, JEAN TORSON AND HER KILL-CRAZY HUSBAND, SHOT THEIR WAY ACROSS THE MIDWEST, KILLING AND ROBBING AS THEY WENT; EVERY SECOND BROUGHT THEM NEARER TO THE GRIM JUSTICE THEY DESERVED...

A TRUE CRIME STORY

VAULT

BANK BOOK

THE TORSON HOME IN TOPEKA, KANSAS...

HELLO, FRED, WHERE'VE YOU BEEN ALL AFTERNOON?

NEVER MIND, BABY, JUST GET DRESSED. WERE LEAVIN' TOWN.

YOU'RE IN TROUBLE AGAIN! WHAT'S THE MATTER *THIS* TIME?

AW, NOTHIN' MUCH! I JUST BEAT A GUY UP, THAT'S ALL! WITH MY RECORD, THEY'D CLAP ME BACK IN THE JUG. IT'S BETTER TO BEAT IT!

OKAY! I'LL START PACKIN'! YOU AIN'T EVER GONNA GET ANYWHERE LIKE THIS, HONEY. WE'VE BEEN MARRIED TWO YEARS, AND IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME!

I KNOW IT. SO I GOT ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR YA!

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

GUNS! YOU... YOU MEAN...?

THAT'S RIGHT, BABY! WE'RE GONNA GET IN THE BIG TIME! NO MORE PIDDLING AROUND FOR LITTLE FREDDIE. IF I GOT TO GO TO JAIL, IT MIGHT AS WELL BE FOR SOMETHING BIG!

THE PAIR FLED TO A WISCONSIN RESORT WHERE FRED TAUGHT JEAN HOW TO SHOOT!

OKAY, BABY! LET'S SEE YA PLUG IT RIGHT THROUGH THE GUT!

THAT'S A CINCH!

WOW! RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE! KID, YOU'RE ANOTHER ANNIE OAKLEY!

AW, THAT AIN'T NOTHIN'. WATCH THIS!

SEE, NOTHIN' TO IT! WHEN DO WE GO TO WORK?

OKAY, HONEY. WE'RE READY. I GOT A JOB CASED FOR THE LAST THREE WEEKS. A BANK IN MINNESOTA. WE'LL LEAVE TOMORROW.

STANESBURG, MINNESOTA, TWO DAYS LATER...

NOW YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO! JUST DON'T GET EXCITED AND BLOW YOUR LID.

ME EXCITED? DON'T GIVE ME A LAUGH! YOU WAIT AND SEE!

IF JEAN COMES THROUGH, THIS OUGHT TO BE A CINCH. IT'LL BE OVER BEFORE THEY KNOW WHAT HIT 'EM!

STANESBURG TRUST CO.

OPEN 9 A.M. TO 3 P.M.

THE FIRST WORD OUT OF YOU IS YOUR LAST. IF YA WANT TO KEEP BREATHING JUST DO AS I TELL YA!

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'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

FILL IT UP CHUM, AND MAKE IT SNAPPY. COME ON, GET MOVIN', YA HEAR ME?

BUT I..I-- YESSIR!

FLOUR

A *HOLDUP!* I'LL STOP THAT THIEVIN' RAT!

PUT THAT GUN DOWN, BROTHER, OR YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF WITH DAYLIGHT COMIN' THROUGH YA!

HUH?

PRESS THAT TRIGGER, MISTER, AND YOU'RE A *DEAD* MAN!

LIE DOWN ON YOUR FACES, AND DON'T MOVE, OR I'LL SPRAY YA WITH HOT LEAD!

YA CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT, LADY!

NICE GOIN', KID! LET'S SCRAM BEFORE THESE MONKEYS COME TO!

LET 'EM! MY FINGER'S BEEN ITCHIN' ON THIS TRIGGER.

THE DIRTY THIEVES! THEY AIN'T GETTIN' AWAY WITH THIS!

DROP IT, YA ROTTEN WATCH DOG! DROP IT!

EEEYAH!

Yiii! LET'S BLOW!

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

GET IN THE CAR. THEY'LL BE AFTER US LIKE WOLVES AFTER A RABBIT.

LET 'EM COME. I'LL BLAST THE WHOLE LOT OF 'EM! AS LONG AS I'VE GOT A ROD, THEY CAN'T TOUCH US.

UST CO.

AIM FOR THE GAS TANK! THE RATS ARE GETTING AWAY!

YA STILL THINK I'LL BLOW MY TOP ON THE JOB?

NOT ME, BABY. THEY DON'T COME NO COOLER THAN YOU--NOT EVEN IN ICELAND!

IN A WEEK THE PAIR WERE AT IT AGAIN. THIS TIME AT ELSON, NORTH DAKOTA.

THE STANESBURG HAUL WILL BE PEANUTS COMPARED TO THIS HEIST.

I HOPE SO. FOURTEEN HUNDRED AIN'T MUCH OF A TAKE.

GET 'EM UP, EVERYBODY--HIGH! I DON'T WANT TO SEE ANY PHONY MOVES!

OKAY, FRED, I'LL DROP THE FIRST ONE WHO GIVES US ANY TROUBLE. GET DOWN ON THE FLOOR-- ALL OF YOU!

GET THAT VAULT OPEN, BUD. STALL, AND I'LL PUT A PLUG IN YA!

B-BUT I CAN'T. IT'S ON A TIME LOCK! IT WON'T OPEN UNTIL NINE THIRTY.

THAT'S TEN MINUTES YET. WE'LL WAIT... STAY WHERE YOU ARE, AND TAKE CARE OF THE SUCKERS AS THEY COME IN!

BOY, THIS TAKES THE CAKE! ROBBIN' A BANK AND WAITIN' FOR THE VAULT TO OPEN. FRED, YOU GIVE ME A LAUGH!

GOOD MORNING, CHUMP. JUST GIVE THE DOUGH TO STUPID OVER THERE. HE'LL DEPOSIT IT TO OUR ACCOUNT. THEN YA CAN LIE DOWN AN' TAKE A REST.

I'M AFRAID YOU BETTER DO AS SHE SAYS. THEY MEAN BUSINESS!

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

TEN MINUTES LATER...

THERE SHE GOES-- RIGHT ON THE BUTTON! GO BACK THERE WITH MR. MONEYBAGS, AND DO A LITTLE CLEANNG FOR HIM.

LET'S GO, MISTER, AND NO STALLING AROUND!

BBBBRRRANGG

START PULLING THE STUFF OUT. IT BETTER BE GOOD, TOO, IF YA DON'T WANT THIS TO BECOME YOUR MAUSOLEUM.

I'LL GET IT.. I'LL GET IT!!

LOOK AT YA, YA SQUIRMING RATS! OH, HOW I'D LOVE TO BLAST THE WHOLE LOT OF YA! MOVE, ONE OF YA! WHY DON'T YA MOVE?

EEEE! I CAN'T STAND IT! I CAN'T STAND IT! LET ME OUT!

GET DOWN, SISTER! GET DOWN OR I'LL KILL YA!

ALL RIGHT, LADY, YOU ASKED FOR IT!

EEEEEEE!

WHAT HAPPENED?

TAKE IT EASY, PAL. JUST A DAME THAT THOUGHT I WASN'T TALKIN' LIKE I MEANT IT!

YOU--- YOU KILLED MRS. STOKELY!

THAT'S RIGHT, BUDDY, AND IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL, YOU'RE NEXT!

JUST PULL THAT ALARM IN THE NEXT TEN MINUTES, AND WE'LL BE BACK, MISTER-- TO TAKE CARE OF YOU!

NEXT ISSUE—CRIMES by WOMEN—ON SALE 2ND WEEK OF AUG.

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

WITH POLICE IN FIVE STATES ALERTED AND THE F.B.I. ON THEIR TRAIL, THE TWO HID OUT IN A TOUREST CAMP ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOPEKA, KANSAS.

WHAT'S THE GUY IN THE NEXT CABIN GIVIN' US THE EYE FOR?

AW, PROBABLY NOTHIN' ELSE TO DO. COME ON, GIMME A HAND WITH THE BAGS!

IN THE NEXT CABIN...

NOW WHERE DID I SEE THEM TWO BEFORE? IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN THE PAPERS... OH, OH -- PAPER IS RIGHT! I BETTER CALL THE COPS.

AT LARGE

....YEAH, OF COURSE I'M SURE. IT'S THE SAME TWO WHO ROBBED THE BANK! I GOT EYES, AIN'T I? YOU'RE SENDIN' A RADIO CAR, GOOD!

I WISH THOSE COPS WOULD GET HERE... HEY, WHAT DO YOU WANT? DON'T... DON'T SHOOT ME!

SO, YOU KNOW WHO WE ARE?

YEAH? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK WE'RE GONNA SHOOT YA? WE JUST WANTED TO BORROW SOME SUGAR!

THE LAME-BRAIN GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.

DON'T TOUCH ME! PLEASE DON'T!

LET'S GET RID OF THIS SLOB AND GET OUT OF HERE. THERE'S NO TELLIN' WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN.

SO LONG, BLABBERMOUTH!

NO! NO! AAGH!

BANG BANG

LET'S GET THE BAGS IN THE CAR AND BLOW. HE MIGHT HAVE CALLED THE COPS.

HE DID CALL THE FLATFEET! GET THE CAR GOING, FRED. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM!

WE SHOULD'VE LEFT WHEN YOU SPOTTED HIM!

CABINS

WHEEEEEEEE

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

STOP WHERE YOU ARE!
DUCK, JOE! THE DAME'S GOT A GUN!
COME ANY CLOSER, COPPER, AND I'LL PUT ONE BETWEEN YOUR EYES!
I GOT ONE! GOOD RIDDANCE, THE DIRTY RAT!
WHEW! AM I GLAD I TAUGHT YOU TO HANDLE A ROD!
OHH!
BANG
6-280

A FEW MILES OUT OF TOWN...
WE GOT TO GET ANOTHER CAR QUICK! THIS ONE'S HOTTER'N A BLAST FURNACE!
YOU SAID IT, BABY. LET'S GO OUT TO THE HIGHWAY AND SEE HOW WELL WE CAN DO.
HERE COMES ONE. NOW DO AS I SAY! SIT DOWN AND HOLD YOUR ANKLE!
OKAY, KID! IT BETTER WORK! I GOT THE ROD READY.
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, YOUNG LADY? CAN I GIVE YOU A LIFT.
YES, MY HUSBAND SPRAINED HIS ANKLE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. IT MAY EVEN BE BROKEN.

LET'S GET HIM IN THE CAR, AND WE'LL TAKE HIM TO A DOC... *HEY!*
GET OUT OF THAT CAR IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!
YOU HEARD HER! *GET OUT!*
MAYBE THIS WILL KNOCK SOME SENSE INTO YOUR THICK HEAD. NEXT TIME YOU WON'T STOP ON THE HIGHWAY FOR HITCH HIKERS!
AAGH!

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

THAT'S ALL I EVER DO AROUND HERE! WORK! WORK! WORK! AND YOU, YOU MISERABLE CUR SIT IN THE SHADE IN A DRUNKEN STUPOR.

GO AWAY, YOU BOTHER ME.

DON'T YOU DARE TALK TO ME IN THAT EEEEE!

YOU HEARD ME. GET OUT OF HERE AND LEMME ALONE!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS YOU BLEERY EYED OLD FOOL. YOU'LL REGRET THIS TO YOUR DYING DAY!

SHUT UP!

ONE DAY TWO MONTHS LATER BELLE'S SMOLDERING HATE COMES TO A BOIL...

NOW YOU DIRTY SOT, YOU'LL PAY FOR YOUR INSULTS. I ONLY WISH I COULD GRIND YOU IN THE MACHINE!

OH, PETE, WILL YOU COME HERE A MINUTE. THE SAUSAGE GRINDER IS STUCK. I CAN'T GET IT GOING.

OKAY, OKAY, TAKE YOUR TIME, I'M COMING.

IT'S THE CRANK THAT WON'T TURN. MAYBE SOME BONES ARE STUCK IN THE GRINDER.

AH, YOU JUST DON'T PUT ANY EFFORT IN IT. I'LL SHOW YOU!

TRY IT, PETE, TRY IT. YOU'LL SEE IT WON'T TURN.

WHAT'S THIS ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR NAGGING SCHEMES TO GET ME IN HERE? THERE DON'T SEEM NOTHING WRONG WITH THIS.

THERE ISN'T, BUT THERE'S GOING TO BE PLENTY WRONG WITH YOU MISTER RAT!

IT TURNS JUST AS... IT'S FALLING!

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

THAT WAS FAST. HE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM. WORRY ABOUT GETTING OUT OF HERE. WE BETTER HEAD ACROSS COUNTRY.

AS THEY NEARED ST. LOUIS A MOTOR-CYCLE COP PICKED THEM UP....

STEP ON IT, FRED. THERE'S A COP BEHIND US!

YEAH, LISTEN TO THAT SIREN. WE GOT TO SHAKE HIM!

I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO SHAKE HIM... PERMANENTLY.

HE AIN'T NO EASY TARGET. MAYBE I'D BETTER TRY TO OUTRACE HIM.

TAKE IT EASY, FREDDIE. JUST WATCH THIS. IT'S JUST LIKE SHOOTIN' DUCKS IN A GALLERY!

GOT HIM! THAT'S ONE COPPER THAT AIN'T GONNA BE INTERESTED IN MAKING ANY REPORTS FOR A WHILE!

BANG

AAAGH!

THAT FINISHES HIM OFF. THEY'LL NEVER FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM.

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT. ONE THING I DON'T WANT TO GET PICKED UP ON IS COP KILLING!

THE TWO GUESSED WRONG AND THE COP LIVED TO REPORT TO THE F.B.I.

THAT'S ALL I CAN REMEMBER.

TAKE IT EASY, OLD MAN. THAT'S ENOUGH. WE'LL HAVE THE PLATE NUMBERS AND DESCRIPTION OF THE CAR ON THE WIRES IN A HALF HOUR!

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

FEELING PERFECTLY SAFE, THE KILLERS HID OUT IN ST. LOUIS, UNAWARE OF THE SEARCH GOING ON FOR THE STOLEN CAR...

WE KNOW THAT THEY DIDN'T LEAVE THE CITY. EVERY PATROLMAN HAS BEEN ALERTED TO WATCH FOR THE CAR.

GOOD WORK, SAM, WE OUGHT TO GET A LINE ON THEM NOW.

WHAT? GOOD! GOOD! WE'LL BE RIGHT DOWN.

IS THAT THE WORD, WILL?

SURE WAS. THE LOCAL POLICE SPOTTED THE TWO GOING INTO A MIDTOWN RESTAURANT. THEY'RE GIVING US JURISDICTION.

GREAT, THAT MEANS WE'LL HAVE THEM FOR THE BANK ROBBERIES.

FEDERAL

MINUTES LATER, AT THE INDIAN-HEAD BAR AND GRILL...

I'M NERVOUS, FRED. I DON'T LIKE THE THE LOOKS OF THOSE TWO GUYS WHO JUST WALKED IN!

AW, TAKE IT EASY, AND EAT YOUR GRUB. NO ONE KNOWS US HERE!

THEY'RE COMING THIS WAY. THEY'RE COPS, I KNOW IT! I CAN SMELL THEM A MILE AWAY!

WELL, IF THEY COME THIS WAY THEY'LL GET A DOSE OF HOT LEAD!

LET 'EM HAVE IT, FRED! THEY'RE AFTER US. BLAST YOUR WAY OUT.

DON'T WORRY, THEY WON'T TAKE US!

THEY SPOTTED US! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

PLUG THE TABLE! THAT'LL STOP 'EM. WATCH OUT FOR CUSTOMERS!

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

PHEW! THOSE BULLETS CUT THROUGH WOOD LIKE A KNIFE THROUGH CHEESE!

EEEYAH!

YOU GOT HIM!

ALL RIGHT. COME OUT FROM BEHIND THAT TABLE, SISTER, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE NEXT.

THROW YOUR GUN OUT, AND COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!

DON'T SHOOT ME! I'M COMING! DON'T KILL ME!

IT'S A LITTLE DIFFERENT WHEN YOU'RE THE TARGET, EH?

I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING. HE DID IT ALL. I JUST DID WHAT HE TOLD ME TO.

IT'S TOO LATE TO SQUIRM OUT THAT WAY, LADY. YOU'RE IT.

I WON'T GO TO JAIL! THEY WON'T HANG ME!

YOU'RE RIGHT. IT'S THE HOT SEAT FOR YOU!

A FEW MONTHS LATER, IN A FEDERAL COURT...

IT'S MY PAINFUL DUTY TO SENTENCE YOU, JEAN TORSON, TO DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR ON THE MORNING OF SEPTEMBER, 12, 1940... MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOUL!

ON THE BLEAK MORNING OF SEPTEMBER TWELFTH, JUSTICE WAS PAID IN FULL

DON'T KILL ME! NO! I DON'T WANT TO DIE! I WANT TO LIVE! I'LL REFORM! NO! NO! NO!

CRIME NEVER PAYS!

NEXT ISSUE—CRIMES by WOMEN—ON SALE 2ND WEEK OF AUG.

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

AIIII! WHY CAN'T PEOPLE BE MORE CAREFUL? GUESS I'D BETTER GO TO TOWN AND ARRANGE FOR THE FUNERAL..

BELLE SOON DEVELOPED A NEW SCHEME. SHE BECAME A PATRON OF MATRIMONIAL AGENCIES....

LET'S SEE... MMMM.. GOOD-LOOKING WIDOW IN LATE TWENTIES IN SEARCH OF COMPANIONSHIP. MAN MUST HAVE READY CASH. NO... THIS WAY BEREAVED WIDOW.....

A FEW WEEKS LATER IN A LAPORTE BARBER SHOP.....

I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU AROUND BEFORE STRANGER IN TOWN?

YEP. I'VE COME TO MARRY BELLE GUNESS. SHE'S GOT A FARM NEAR HERE. WE AIN'T EVEN SEEN EACH OTHER, MET THROUGH ONE OF THEM MATRIMONIAL ADS.

OH! IN THAT CASE I BETTER DO A GOOD JOB, EH? GOT TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION ON THE LITTLE LADY.

YEAH, FROM HER PICTURE SHE SURE LOOKS LIKE AN ANGEL.

LATER AT THE GUNESS PIG FARM...

I'M OLE BUNDER; I HOPE YOU GOT MY LETTER.

OH, YES I DID.. I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU. COME IN, COME IN.

YOU MUST BE TIRED AND HUNGRY. I'VE GOT SUPPER ALL READY. WE CAN TALK WHILE YOU EAT.

WELL, THAT'S RIGHT NICE. I THINK WE'RE GOING TO GET ALONG ALL RIGHT.

GLORY BE, BELLE, YOU SURE CAN COOK GOOD. WHEN DO WE GET HITCHED?

SLOW UP A LITTLE OLE. WHAT ABOUT FINANCES? AFTER ALL I'M CONTRIBUTING THE FARM AND WE MUST HAVE CAST TO RUN IT

IF THAT'S ALL YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT, YOU CAN STOP NOW. I BRUNG MY LIFE'S SAVINGS, THIRTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, SEE...

I SURE DO LET ME FIX YOUR COFFEE.

TWO DEADLY WOMEN. ONE CHILLING LEGACY.

Weast:
Belle Gunness – The Monster of LaPorte.
Jean Torson – Satan's Daughter.
Seduction. Murder. Mayhem.
From the pages of Crimes By Women.

SL Tonight - Sisters of Satan Series

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

THAT NIGHT ....

I'LL GO UPSTAIRS AND PREPARE YOUR ROOM I'LL CALL YOU WHEN IT'S READY.

THANKS, BELLE. IT'S JUST LIKE IT SAID IN THE AD. YOUR A REGULAR ANGEL.

OH, OLE, YOU CAN COME UP NOW. EVERYTHINGS READY FOR A NICE LONG SLEEP.

WHERE ARE YOU? I CAN'T SEE. IT'S TOO DARK.

JUST COME STRAIGHT AHEAD. YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE AFTER THIS.

BELLE, BELLE, BRING A LIGHT I ... AAAAGH!

YOU WON'T BE NEEDING ANY LIGHTS FROM NOW ON, BIG BOY.

CRACK

I'VE GOT A NICE PRETTY LITTLE SPOT IN THE CELLAR PICKED OUT JUST FOR YOU.

WHEW, HE MUST HAVE WEIGHED OVER TWO HUNDRED POUNDS. PLENTY OF GOOD MONEY ON HIM.

THIRTY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS AND IN CASH TOO I'D BETTER ADVERTISE AGAIN AND FAST. THIS IS BETTER THAN BEING TIED TO ANY MAN.

NEXT ISSUE—CRIMES by WOMEN—ON SALE 2ND WEEK OF AUG.

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

BELLE'S NEXT WAS THE DAPPER MR. WINKLER, AN AGING ROMEO IN SEARCH OF A WIFE....
HOP ABOARD, MR. WINKLER AND WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY.
AH, CHARMED MRS. GUNESS.

HOWEVER THERE IS ONE THING. IT TAKES SO MUCH MONEY TO RUN A FARM AND I'M A POOR WIDOW. I.. THAT IS...
MRS. GUN...ER .. THAT IS, BELLE, DON'T LET MONEY BOTHER YOU FOR AN INSTANT. THERES FOUR THOUSAND IN THIS LITTLE BAG.

LATE THAT NIGHT BELLE RESORTS TO HER USUAL MURDEROUS TACTICS....
MR. WINKLER, YOU ARE ABOUT TO GO OUT OF MY LIFE, IN FACT YOU ARE ABOUT TO GO OUT OF EVERYBODYS LIFE.
6

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

POOR OLE NEEDS COMPANY THE TWO OF THEM WILL BE SO COSY TOGETHER.

HAPPY JOURNEY, MR. WINKLER AND GIVE MY BEST TO MR. BUNDER.

WH...WHAT!?.. NO! HELP!!

YELLING WON'T DO YOU A BIT OF GOOD, MR. W. THERE ISN'T A SOUL AROUND FOR MILES! HOWEVER THIS MAY KEEP YOU FROM DISTURBING ME.

AAAGH!!

THAT MONEY HAD BETTER BE IN HERE OR I'LL MAKE MINCEMEAT OUT OF THAT WORN OUT ROMEO!

AH! THE OLD BOY WAS TELLING THE TRUTH AFTER ALL. FOR THAT YOU'LL GET A REAL BURIAL.

THAT MORNING A NEW ADDITION WAS ADDED TO THE GRISLY REMAINS IN THE CELLAR.

I MUSN'T FORGET TO SEND A NEW AD TO THE AGENCY. I'LL TRY AN EASTERN ONE THIS TIME.

A STEADY PROCESSION OF MEN CAME, BUT NEVER LEFT THE GUNESS FARM FINALLY LATE ONE AFTERNOON, A MR MAYBERG ARRIVED....

I DID AS YOU SAID. TOOK ALL THE MONEY FROM THE BANK IN CASH. IF EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT I'LL INVEST IT IN THE FARM TOMORROW.

THAT'S WONDERFUL, MR. MAYBERG HOW MUCH IS IT?

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, SEE, THERE IT IS, EVERY LAST CENT OF IT. I ALWAYS SAY A GOOD FARM IS A GOOD INVESTMENT.

QUITE TRUE, MR. MAYBERG, NOW LET ME SHOW YOU ABOUT THE HOUSE

BELLE STARTED ON MAYBERG IMMEDIATELY....

COME, MR. MAYBERG, JUST LOOK OUT THIS WINDOW AND SEE THE BEAUTIFUL VIEW.

THE PLACE IS SPLENDID, SPLENDID AND A VIEW TOO, AH ME.

SEE, OUT THERE IN THE HILLS. LEAN OUT A LITTLE FARTHER AND YOU CAN SEE IT.

UGH! OOF! I.. I DON'T SEE ANYTHING.

IT DOESN'T MAKE THE SLIGHTEST BIT OF DIFFERENCE. YOU'RE THROUGH WITH SEEING ANYTHING.

AIEEE!

THIS TIME BELLE HAD OVER-STEPPED HERSELF. WATCHING FROM THE ROAD WAS A FARM-HAND NAMED ROY LAMPHERE.

ULP! A MAN FALLING FROM THE GUNESS WINDOW I'D BETTER GET IN THERE AND LEND A HAND.

SAY, THAT'S BELLE GUNESS LOOK AT THAT EVIL SMILE. SHE MUST HAVE PUSHED HIM!

I GOTTA TELL THE SHERIFF. THERE'S ALWAYS BEEN SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT THAT PLACE NOW I KNOW WHAT IT IS. BELLE GUNESS IS A MURDERESS.

'CRIMES BY WOMEN'

THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN LAPORTE.

SHERIFF! SHERIFF! I JUST SEEN MURDER DONE!

WHAT!? WHERE, SON, SPEAK UP!

IT'S TRUE, I SEEN BELLE GUNESS PUSH SOME GUY OUT OF HER SECOND STORY WINDOW. YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE LOOK ON HER FACE

TOM, ROUND UP THE OTHER DEPUTIES WE'RE GONNA PAY MRS. GUNESS' A LITTLE VISIT... I ALWAYS THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHIN' WRONG GOIN' ON OUT THERE.

TWO HOURS LATER AT THE GUNESS FARM.

FOURTY THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND TWENTY.... DARN THAT WINDOW THEY'LL BE MONEY ALL OVER THE PLACE.

WHY DOES A BREEZE HAVE TO.... WHO'S THAT?... THE SHERIFF! HE CAN'T COME IN HERE. I'VE GOT TO HIDE THAT MONEY.

WHAT COULD HE HAVE FOUND OUT? THEY COULDN'T SUSPECT OR COULD THEY? WHAT'LL I DO?....

I'LL HIDE IT IN THE CHIMNEY, THEY'LL.../. EEEE! THE LAMP!

THEY'LL BE AT THE DOOR IN A SECOND! I'VE GOT TO HURRY! THEY MUSN'T FIND A TRACE OF ANYTHING.